

FIVE ROUNDS OF COCKTAILS.

Drinks, Not Drugs, Led to Mishap of Miss Anna Blake, a Pretty Stenographer, in Yonkers.

MARRIAGE AFTER SCANDAL.

Dr. Foy and Miss Laughran Tell How Miss Blake Wandered Away from Them and Came to Fall Into an Excavation.

Five cocktails led to the story of a young girl, told by Miss Anna Blake, a pretty stenographer, which threatened to involve several prominent residents of Yonkers in an ugly scandal.

As an aftermath of the exploded sensation Seymour Mooney, son of a wealthy farmer, and Miss Lucy Loughran, a pretty milliner, of Yonkers, will be married within a week. They were not to be married for a year, and their engagement was a secret, but the publicity which has come to Miss Loughran through her friend, Miss Blake, mishap has led her to insist on an immediate wedding, "just to show his faith in her," he says.

The companions of Miss Blake in the drive which preceded and led to her being found at the bottom of a twenty-foot sewer excavation at 2 o'clock in the morning were Dr. M. H. Foy, one of Yonkers' most prominent physicians, and Miss Lucy Loughran, the leading milliner of the Westchester village. Their version of how Miss Blake, who is employed as a stenographer by Bradford Rhodes, a lawyer, in Maiden lane, New York, came to grief differs materially from those told by the girl and her mother.

Tablets Were Peppermint.

"I feel that it is due Dr. Foy that the exact truth be told," said Miss Loughran today. "Dr. Foy is an old friend of Mr. Mooney, to whom I am engaged. I have known Anna for years, but I had not seen her for six months previous to Wednesday night. She was in the store when Dr. Foy telephoned over and asked if I would go for a drive. Anna said 'Yes, let's go,' and a little later the doctor came over. We drove toward Mount Vernon.

"On the way over the doctor threw away the cigar he was smoking, remarking that it was very bad. He took some peppermint tablets from his vest pocket and swallowed a couple. Anna said: 'Give me some,' and she held out her hand. He gave her three and I took some. They had no effect on me. They were just for the breath. That's all about the tablets.

"We stopped at Muller's Hotel to have some refreshments. Anna drank cocktails—oh, I guess five. It made her very giddy. I had occasion to leave the room for a minute and was washing my hands when I heard a whistle. It was the doctor, and he said: 'That girl in there is crazy, we had better get along.'

"We went out to the shed while he lighted his acetylene lamp. "When we returned to the room where

MISS BLAKE, WHOSE STORY CAUSED YONKERS SCANDAL.



we had left Anna she was gone. She had left her gloves behind. They told us she had gone on a trolley car. That is what happened, and all that happened."

Drank Five Cocktails.

Dr. Foy would not talk until he had seen his attorney.

The lawyer told him to hide nothing, and the physician's story was in every detail the same as Miss Loughran's. "I had never seen Miss Blake before," he said. "I don't suppose I would know her if I met her this minute. The statement that I gave her a drugged drink is false and cruel."

"It is also ridiculous to any that know me. In my own defense I am obliged to say that Miss Blake drank several cocktails. She told us she had not eaten any dinner and the drinks affected her. I did not ask her to drink cocktails or any other intoxicant. She ordered what she wanted."

"I am very sorry this unfortunate affair happened, but it is best that the whole truth be known. With Dr. Foy was Seymour Mooney, Miss Loughran's fiance. My faith in Dr. Foy is just as perfect as the faith

I have in my little girl," he said when asked about the case.

"This is most unfortunate, but nobody must cast any reflections on Miss Loughran. We are engaged, but did not intend to marry for some time yet. She is heartbroken now and I shall marry her next week to show my faith in her."

REGISTRY RECORDS MISSING

Returns from Those Wards of Queens Not In.

The registration records from the Second, Third and Fourth wards of Queens Borough are missing to-day. They should have been turned into the local Election Board last night. Of the five wards of the borough only Long Island City and Far Rockaway have been heard from. Official searchers are out on the hunt after the missing records.

It is assumed that fraud is not intended and that lack of diligence on the part of the inspectors is the cause of the loss. Bad roads may have something to do with the disappearance of the much-wanted registration lists. The inspectors may be waiting for their top boots and rubber coats before facing the threatening rain fall.

SHOT AT HIS SON ON BIRTHDAY.

"Here's a Couple of Bullets for a Present; It's Your Turn to Die," said the Young Man's Father.

ASKED TO SEE HIS WIFE.

She Left Him Some Time Ago and He Had Written Asking to See Her—Bullets Fall to Hit the Intended Victim.

George Sullivan remembered that his stepson was twenty-nine years old to-day and going to his home, No. 223 Gold street, Brooklyn, said:

"Eugene, I'll give you a birthday present of a couple of bullets. It's your turn to die."

Since last May, when the elder Sullivan drove his wife out of the house at the point of a knife, she has refused to have anything to do with him, and has lived with her son.

Last night the husband, who is a drinking man of forty-five, sent a note asking his wife to see him. She returned no answer, so this morning Sullivan went to her home, pistol in pocket.

When he threatened Eugene he pulled a revolver and leveled it at the young man.

"Why, you wouldn't kill me, would you?" said Eugene, talking to gain time and edging away. "Don't you know you'd hang for it? Wait a minute." The man answered with a oath and a pull at the trigger. The cartridge missed fire. A second time the hammer fell and again there was no report.

Then "bang!" went the pistol, and a bullet flattened against the brick over the door just as Eugene was crossing the threshold.

Cursing his aim, Sullivan snapped the trigger a fourth time. Once more it missed fire. Another try and a second bullet chipped the arch of the door.

By this time the target was inside and racing upstairs as fast as his legs could carry him.

The shooter turned on his heel and started across the street. The negro, known as "George," a short distance down the street, turned back determined to make the had man his captive.

"You get out of here, or I'll give it to you, too," said the stepfather. But the negro caught him by the arm and turned him over to Policeman Ryan.

Pleads Self-Defense.

Sullivan was taken to the Adams street police station and later arraigned in police court. His excuse was that he did the shooting to protect himself, saying that his wife and her son had been after him for a long time.

Bail was fixed at \$1,000 and he was taken to Raymond Street Jail to await trial.

NEW ENGLISH OCEAN LINE.

Canadian Minister Says Service Will Be Heavily Subsidized.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 11.—Sir Frederick Borden, Canadian Minister of Maritime, who is a visitor in this city, in an interview today, made known the fact that the Canadian and British Governments had decided to jointly establish a fast Atlantic steamship service between the Halifax, N. S., and Liverpool ports.

The new line, he says, will be aided with an annuity of \$1,125,000 for ten years.

BOYS' SLAYER A NERVOUS WRECK

Woodward, Who Has Now Confessed that He Alone Murdered the Two, Trembles for Fear of a Lynching.

SHRINKS IN BACK OF CELL.

Confessed Poisoner Admits that He Would Not Have Surrendered to the Police if He Had Known Victims Had Not Recovered.

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 11.—The end of Paul Woodward, who has confessed that he alone poisoned the two boys, Price Jennings and John Coffin, whose bodies were found in a field seven miles from here, is already in sight. Prosecutors Lloyd and his assistant, Mr. Archer, have resolved to make the prosecution of Woodward an example of Jersey justice, and they say they can have him on the gallows in sixty days.

Following his confession Woodward is today a shivering, nervous wreck in his cell, sinking to a dark corner, where he does not wish to be observed. The feeling is so high against him that the prisoner does not wish for his liberty in this vicinity. He knows that if the opportunity was presented he would be taken by a mob and lynched.

In being taken from the Court-House back to the jail this morning a crowd in the areaway caught sight of him and jeered him. He caught hold of the detective's arm and tried to conceal himself behind the officer. It was feared that he would collapse.

Woodward's first confession was that he had confederates, two New York thieves, and that he had lured the boys away, believing that Price Jennings had about \$500. He said he had taken them to the White Horse pike, where he left them with the New York men and then returned to Camden to ally suspicion.

He said he was to receive \$50 for his share.

After further questioning Woodward admitted that the first confession was false and that he had killed the boys by himself. But he tried to excuse himself by saying that he had not intended to kill them. He said that he had been talking to the Jennings boy for several weeks, trying to induce him to steal a large amount of money which Woodward believed Jennings' father kept in the house. The boy had said that his father had \$500 or more in the house.

On the Wednesday the boys disappeared Woodward said that Price Jennings told him he had taken the money. Woodward confessed that he had taken the boys to the Cyclers' Rest, on the White Horse pike, where he bought soda water for them and put "knock-out" drops in it. He said he took them to the field near there, where they became unconscious and where he robbed Price Jennings of the money. Instead of \$50, the boy had only about \$12.

Knowing that amount was not sufficient to enable him to get away, he returned to Camden and tried to get the families of the two boys to employ him to search for them.

When asked how he came to induce the Jennings boy to agree to steal the money, Woodward said that he had told him that he and the boy and Mrs. Edith Barber, the wife of a farmer at Cresson, who is now held as a prisoner, would take the money, travel and see the world.

He said he believed the boys would recover from the sleep into which the poison had sent them, and said that he had known that it had killed them he would not have surrendered himself to the police.

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH HAS A BEE FOR HER LATEST PET.

Daring Society Leader Exposes Her Fair Cheek to Peril of Sting.



The bee isn't in her bonnet, but Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has one, just the same. She keeps it in a purple orchid on the theory that it's a king bee. It's the latest fad and therefore is Maelstrom vindicated. He wrote some hundreds of pages to prove that the bee is nearer to human kind than any other creature and Mrs. Fish, having put away the monkeys and the lizards and the lion cubs forever, bows assentance to his theory.

It came to her strangely. Some one sent her on her return from Hot Springs last week a toy automobile filled with wafers. As she opened the fragrant blossoms she heard a buzzing and then from the heart of a purple orchid there crept this dumble-bee. Mrs. Fish didn't scream. Other women would have; therefore she didn't, and when the maid would have drowned it the daring leader of New York's most daring set put a crown upon its golden head and enthroned it as fashion's favorite. It lives in the toy automobile with the orchid for its throne. It feasts on honey, for which it does not hunt. It is growing fat and lazy as most kings do. Some day it will sting its mistress and then its throne will rock and most likely fall. But while it behaves itself no woman who deems herself a somebody in the social world of upper tenfold dare fall in homage. Doubtless for a time the fad will grow. There will be other pet bees in other houses of swiftness, and if you perchance should see a swollen face riding down Fifth avenue in a victoria, don't imagine it's an evidence of domestic infidelity. It will be no more than the love sting of society's newest fad.

AMERICANS FETED IN LONDON TOWN.

Gens. Wood, Young and Corbin Objects of Official Hospitality, Even to the King Himself.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The American Generals now visiting England are undergoing somewhat similar experiences of English hospitality as did the Colonial Premiers during coronation time. From now to Oct. 18, when they will sail for home, Gens. Corbin and Young will not have a meal they can call their own.

Starting with the King, whose action in inviting them to luncheon at Buckingham Palace next Monday, the first week day he will be in London, has caused much favorable comment and they have received invitations from numerous societies and individuals. Lieut. McKinley, who, as aide-de-camp, has most of the arranging of dates to supervise, said to a representative of the Associated Press that he believed that Mr. Cortelyou, President Roosevelt's secretary, had scarcely a more difficult task.

Both Gen. Corbin and Gen. Young express their keen appreciation of the many attentions shown them. Earl Roberts has been untiring in offering them attentions, and the American Generals are looking forward to their visit with him to Woolwich and to Gen. French, at Aldershot, next week, with great pleasure. Only one note of disappointment is heard and that comes from the staff, who are not included in the invitation to Buckingham Palace. While the American officers were in Germany Emperor William always asked the staff to attend functions with the Generals.

Gen. Wood will arrive here on Sunday in time to meet the King, Ambassador Choate is expected to accompany the Americans to Buckingham Palace.

LOCKED UP FROM "FRIENDS."

Magistrates Hold a Man Who Recently Inherited Fortune.

Magistrates Crane and Brann are keeping William F. Winston, a dealer in book plates of No. 134 Sixth avenue, in a cell to save him from his "friends." He was found on the street yesterday in a state of absolute intoxication and taken to Jefferson Market Court.

Magistrate Crane adjourned the case until to-day. He was asked by many persons to release the prisoner, but refused.

Magistrate Brann was sitting at Jefferson Market to-day. He also was approached by at least a dozen friends who wanted the man released, but sent Winston back until Monday.

"There is no use in asking me to let this man go," he said. "I want to save him from his friends. He had \$15,000 left to him a couple of months ago and since that time he has been drunk almost constantly. His so-called friends keep him so in order that they can live off of him. I propose to keep him here until he gets sober enough to have a little sense."

BABY DIES OF HIS BURNS.

Child Was Terribly Injured by Overturning of a Lighted Lamp.

Charles Oster, two and a half years old, who lived at No. 81 Stanton street, died this morning at Gouverneur Hospital of burns all over his body. The injuries were sustained by the upsetting of a lamp at the home of his parents two days ago.

WHICH GIRL DO YOU LIKE the BEST?

\$100.00 in Prizes

Miss Ethel Rockefeller, Sportswoman.

The Daughter of Wm. Rockefeller, and Heiress to Untold Millions, Who Has Overleaped the Barriers of Family Conservatism and Taken First Prize at a Horse Show. (Illustrated with Photographs.)

The Strangest Man in America Writes His Eventful "Life" in 35 Minutes.

The Remarkable Story of George Francis Train's Autobiography.

\$75,000 to Save Baby Lolita Armour's Life.

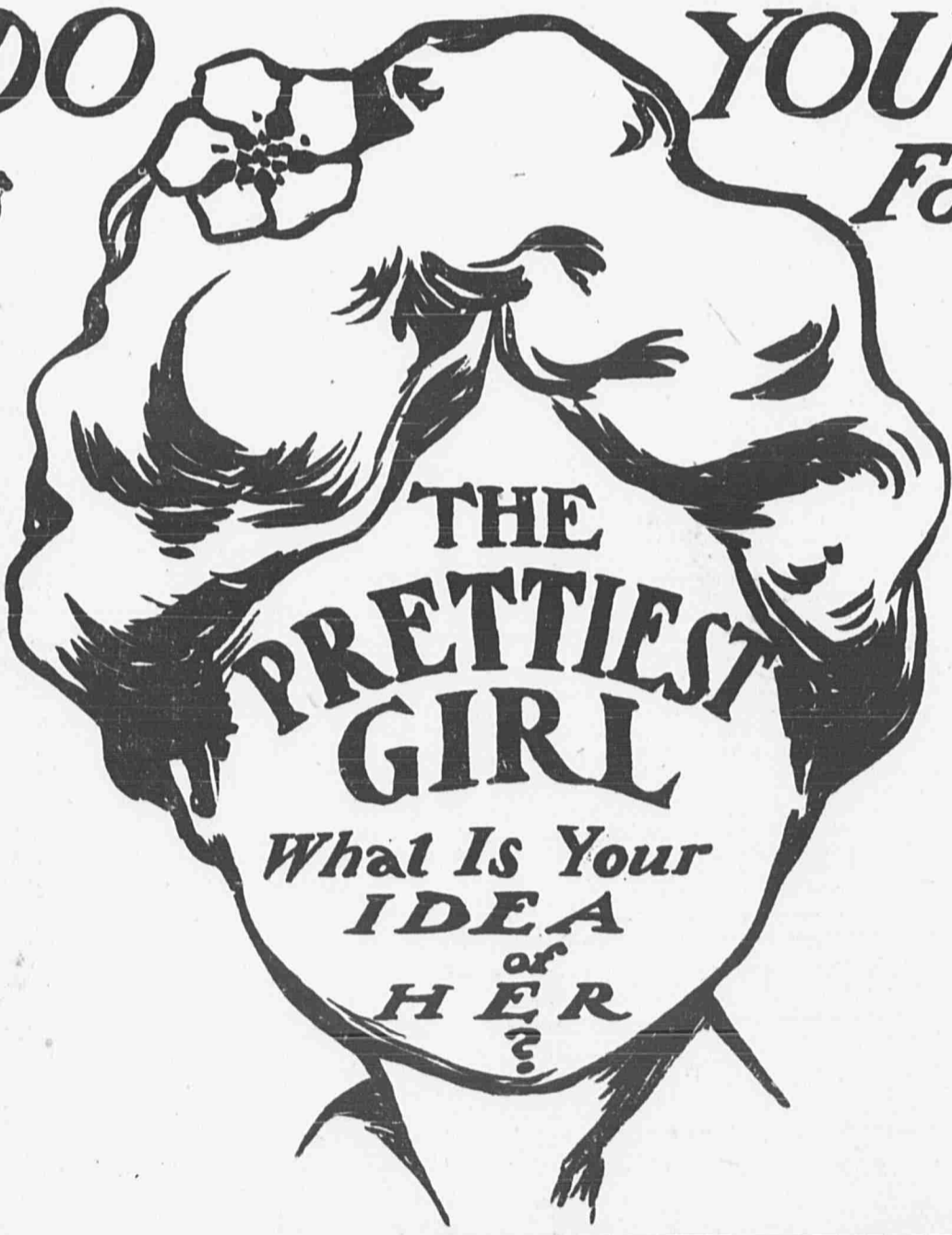
The Heroic Efforts to Make a Croesus's Only Child Well and Strong.

Massage Cream Made of Cow's Milk Warranted to Bring a Beautiful Complexion.

New York's New Fight Against Microbes, by Commissioner Woodbury.

Little Red Riding Hood Up to Date, and All the Regular Comic Features in the Funny Side. Four Pages, All in Colors.

To-Morrow's SUNDAY WORLD.



Six of America's Leading Delineators of Feminine Beauty Have Pictured Their Ideals. These Pictures Will Be Reproduced in the New York Sunday World, Beginning To-Morrow. To-Morrow Two of the Girls Are Presented. It Is for You to Choose Which of All the Six Girls You Like Best.

\$100.00 for the Best Answers.

FOR FULL DETAILS SEE TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD.

YOU LIKE the BEST?

For the Best Answers

Wild Animal Invasion of New York.

Forty Lions, Twenty-three Tigers, Fourteen Leopards, an Army of Pumas, a Man Ape, a Hybrid, and Goodness Only Knows What, Have Captured the City. Dan Smith Has Seen Them and Sketched Them.

Should a Wife Make Rules for Her Husband?

The Test Case of Mrs. Sutton's Twelve Commandments and the Husband Who Rebelled.

How I Flew Over London Town.

By Aeronaut Spencer, with Photographs Taken from His Airship.

35 American Women Who Will Race Their Own Horses in 1903.

New South African Croesus, Successor to Cecil Rhodes.

The Sunday World's Stereo-Scenes. A Brand-New Idea in Cut-Out Pictures for the Little Ones.

To-Morrow's SUNDAY WORLD.